

came in quite cheerily, Cock o' the Walk  
 leading the  
 caravan, with his fighting face on, shaking his  
 grand mane,  
 and stamping as if he had not walked a  
 mile.

The Sunday has been a very quiet one,  
 except for the  
 fighting of the horses, which seem intent on  
 murdering  
 each other, the fussiness of *Aziz* about a cut  
 which his  
 mare got yesterday, and for which he expects  
 my frequent  
 attention, and the torment of the sand-flies,  
 which revel  
 in the heat which kills the mosquitos.

*Kala Jioma, July 11.*—On Monday it was a  
 pretty  
 march from the shadow of the sphinx  
 through a well-  
 irrigated and cultivated valley with many  
 camps, and  
 by a high pass, to the neighbourhood of the  
 Euh-i-Shahan,  
 on which I rested for some hours at a height  
 of 12,010  
 feet, the actual summit being somewhat  
 higher. On its  
 north-east side the view was hideous, of  
 scorched, rolling  
 gravel hills and wide scorched valleys, with  
 two winding  
 streams, and some patches of wheat  
 surrounding two  
 scorched mud villages.

The descent to Camp Kamarun, a deep  
 ravine with a  
 rapid mountain stream, was blessed by a  
 shower, which  
 cooled the air, and resulted in the only  
 grand, stormy,  
 wild sunset that I have seen for months. This  
 valley is  
 blocked at the east end by Gargunaki, on the  
 west by the  
 Kala Kuh, and the rocky ranges of Faidun and  
 the Kuh-  
 i-Shahan close in its sides.

Long, long ago tradition says a certain  
 great chief had  
 eleven sons. They quarrelled and divided  
 into hostile  
 factions of four and seven, forming the still

hostile groups  
of the Chahar Lang and the Haft Lang of  
to-day. For  
some time past the ruling dynasty has been  
of the Haft  
Lang division; Aziz also belongs to it, and we  
have been  
almost entirely among its tribes hitherto.  
This ancient  
feud, though modified in intensity, still -  
exists. At this  
camp we were among tribes of the Chahar  
Lang, and there